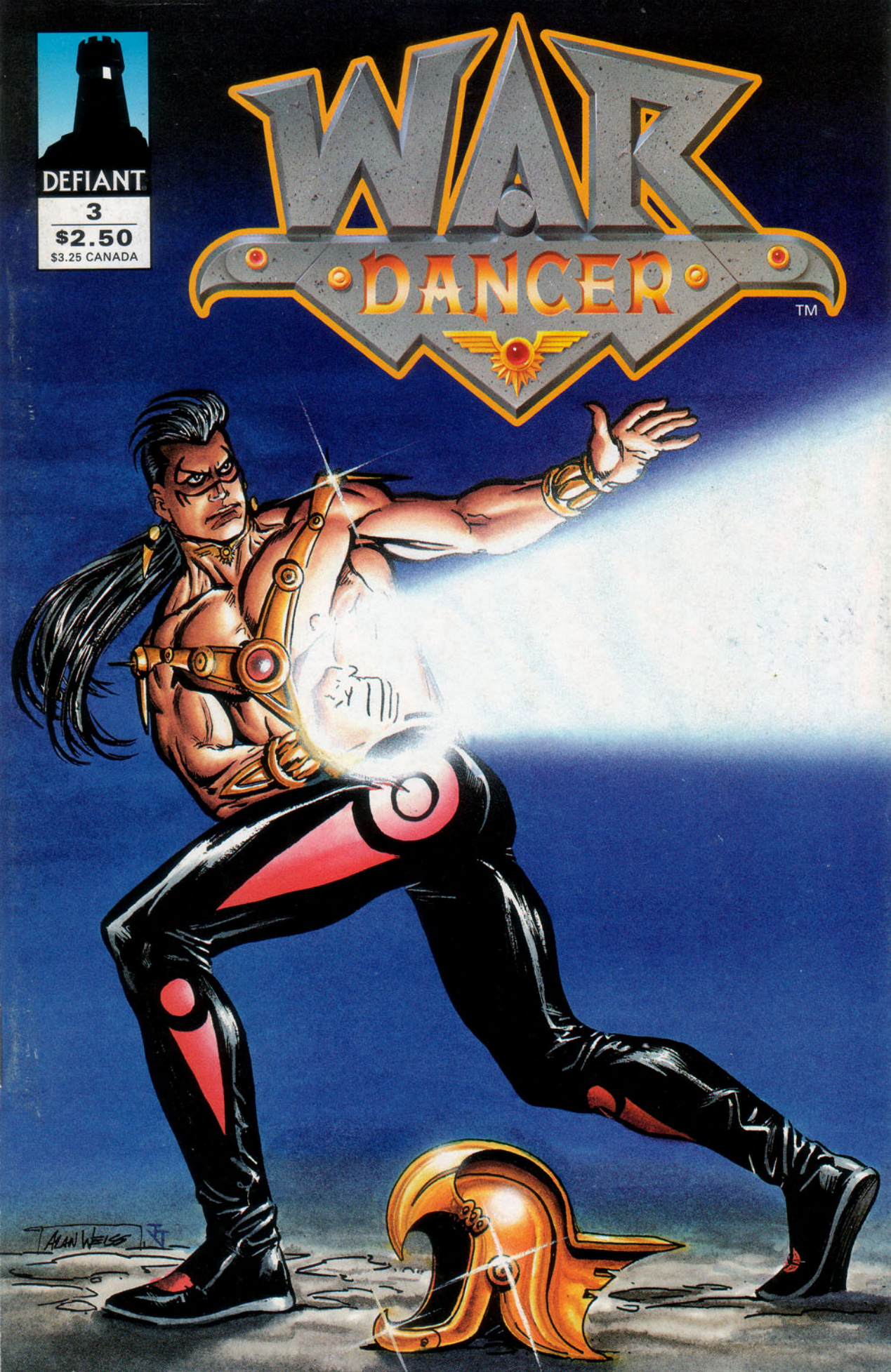
DEFIANT
3
$2.50
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WAR
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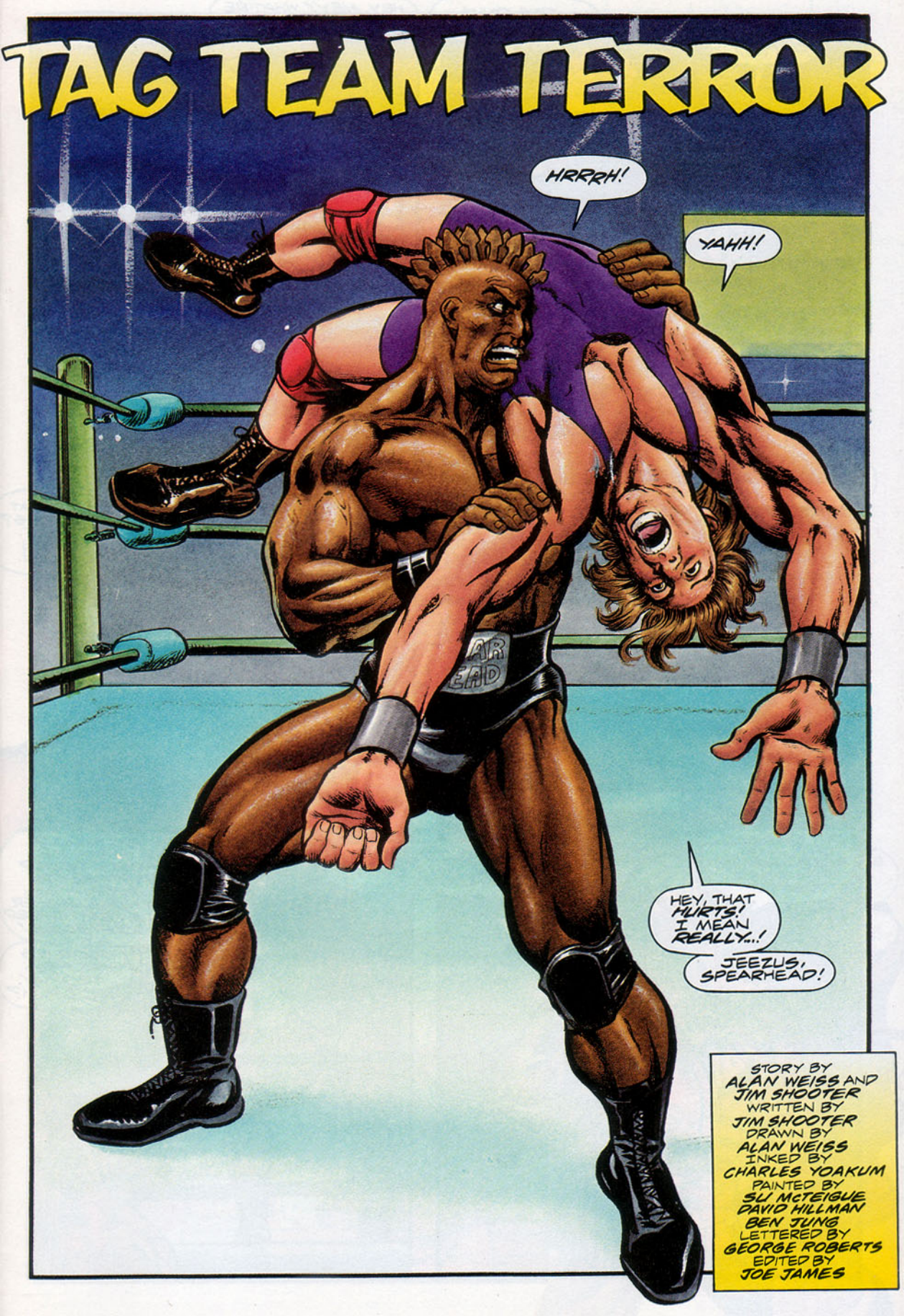
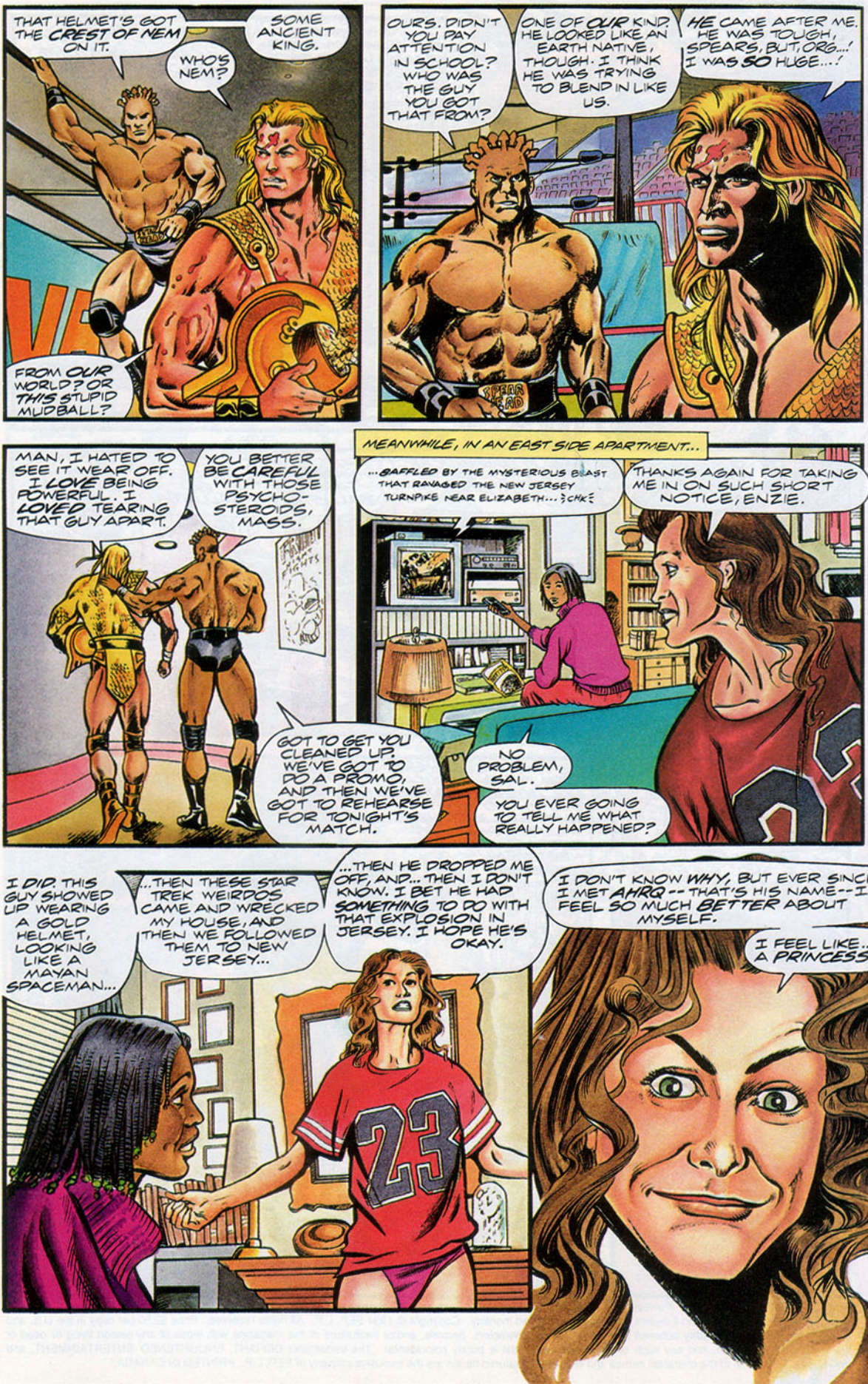
ALAN WELLS

Prudence & CAUTION
DEFIANT


TAG TEAM TERROR
HRRRH!
YAHH!
HEY, THAT HURTS! I MEAN REALLY..!
JEEZUS, SPEARHEAD!
STORY BY
ALAN WEISS AND
JIM SHOOTER
WRITTEN BY
JIM SHOOTER
DRAWN BY
ALAN WEISS
INKED BY
CHARLES YOAKUM
PAINTED BY
SU McTEIGUE
DAVID HILLMAN
BEN JUNG
LETTERED BY
GEORGE ROBERTS
EDITED BY
JOE JAMES

HRRDP!
IT'S ONLY PRACTI-I-I-CE!
HEY, HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
NFF!
PRACTICING.
IT'S GOOD TO ADD A LITTLE REALISM... FOR THE FANS.
DOESN'T YOUR BOY WANT TO GIVE 'EM A GOOD SHOW?
YOU'RE A MENACE, SPEARHEAD. YOU AND THAT MANIAC MASSAKER! I'M GOING TO REPORT THIS TO THE FRONT OFFICE!
BIG DEAL. AS LONG AS MASS AND I PUT BUTTS IN THE SEATS, WE CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER.
HEY... IS THAT YOU, MASS? I DIDN'T SEE YOU COME IN.
HAD TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THAT FEEB AND HIS MANAGER LEFT.
HEY, YOU'RE COVERED WITH GORE! YOU TWISTRIP SOMEBODY?
YES, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME, SPEARS. I DOSED UP BIGTIME ON THE JUICE. MAN, I GOT HUGE... BIGGER THAN EVER! RIPPED HIM TO PIECES!
TOOK HIS HAT AS A TROPHY. NICE, HUH?


THAT HELMET'S GOT THE CREST OF NEM ON IT.
SOME ANCIENT KING.
WHO'S NEM?
FROM OUR WORLD? OR THIS STUPID MUDBALL?
OURS. DIDN'T YOU PAY ATTENTION IN SCHOOL? WHO WAS THE GUY YOU GOT THAT FROM?
ONE OF OUR KIND. HE LOOKED LIKE AN EARTH NATIVE, THOUGH. I THINK HE WAS TRYING TO BLEND IN LIKE US.
HE CAME AFTER ME. HE WAS TOUGH, SPEARS, BUT, ORG...! I WAS SO HUGE...!
MAN, I HATED TO SEE IT WEAR OFF. I LOVE BEING POWERFUL. I LOVED TEARING THAT GUY APART.
YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE PSYCHO-STEROIDS, MASS.
GOT TO GET YOU CLEANED UP. WE'VE GOT TO DO A PROMO, AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO REHEARSE FOR TONIGHT'S MATCH.
MEANWHILE, IN AN EAST SIDE APARTMENT...
...BAFFLED BY THE MYSTERIOUS BLAST THAT RAVAGED THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE NEAR ELIZABETH... }CHK{
THANKS AGAIN FOR TAKING ME IN ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE, ENZIE.
NO PROBLEM, SAL.
YOU EVER GOING TO TELL ME WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?
I DID. THIS GUY SHOWED UP WEARING A GOLD HELMET, LOOKING LIKE A MAYAN SPACEMAN...
...THEN THESE STAR TREK WEIRDOS CAME AND WRECKED MY HOUSE, AND THEN WE FOLLOWED THEM TO NEW JERSEY...
...THEN HE DROPPED ME OFF, AND... THEN I DON'T KNOW. I BET HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT EXPLOSION IN JERSEY. I HOPE HE'S OKAY.
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT EVER SINCE I MET AHRQ -- THAT'S HIS NAME -- I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER ABOUT MYSELF.
I FEEL LIKE... A PRINCESS.

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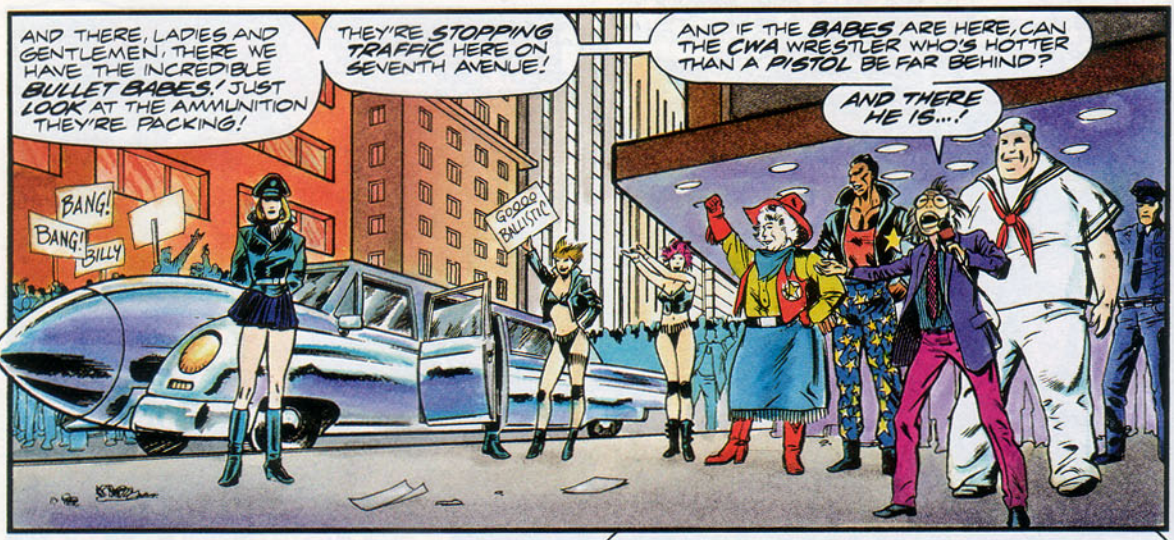
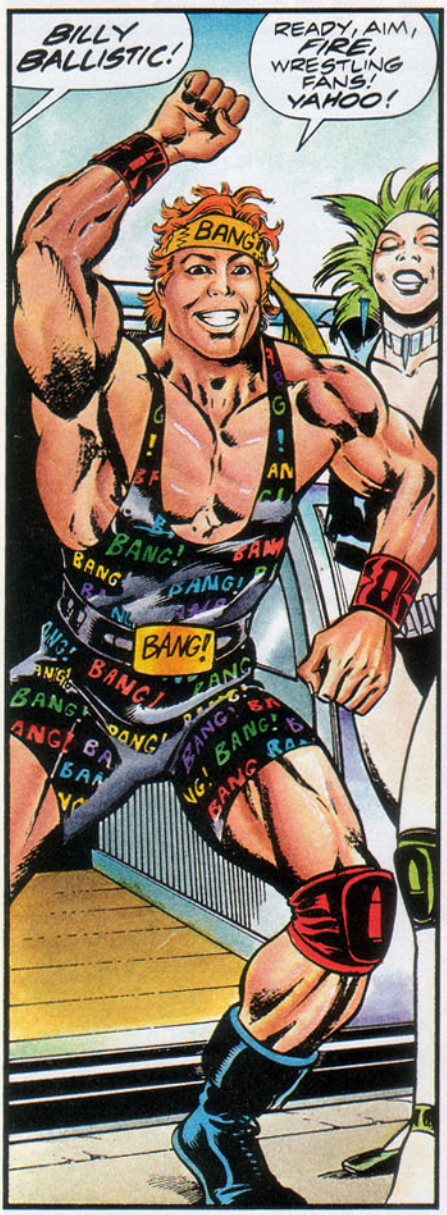
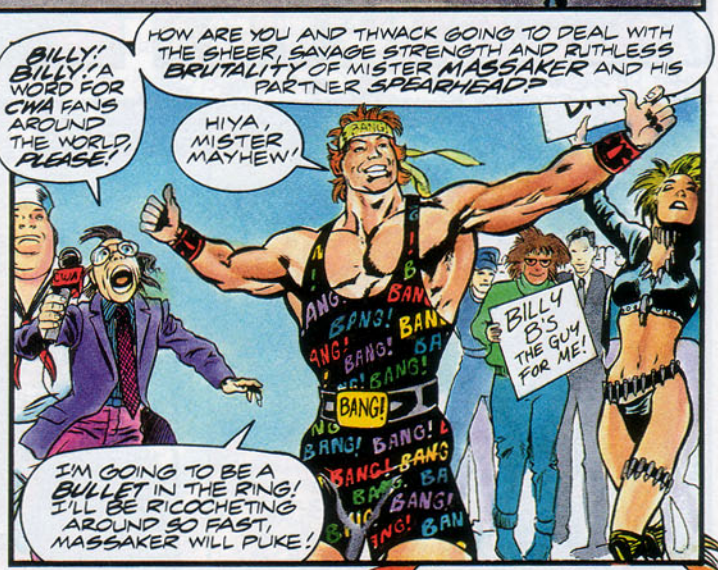

AND THERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE WE HAVE THE INCREDIBLE BULLET BABES! JUST LOOK AT THE AMMUNITION THEY'RE PACKING!
THEY'RE STOPPING TRAFFIC HERE ON SEVENTH AVENUE!
AND IF THE BABES ARE HERE, CAN THE CWA WRESTLER WHO'S HOTTER THAN A PISTOL BE FAR BEHIND?
AND THERE HE IS...!
BANG!
BANG!
BILLY
GO000 BALLISTIC!


BILLY BALLISTIC!
READY, AIM, FIRE, WRESTLING FANS! YAHOO!
BANG!


BILLY! BILLY! A WORD FOR CWA FANS AROUND THE WORLD, PLEASE!
HOW ARE YOU AND THWACK GOING TO DEAL WITH THE SHEER, SAVAGE STRENGTH AND RUTHLESS BRUTALITY OF MISTER MASSAKER AND HIS PARTNER SPEARHEAD?
HIYA, MISTER MAYHEW!
BILLY B'S THE GUY FOR ME!
I'M GOING TO BE A BULLET IN THE RING! I'LL BE RICOCHETING AROUND SO FAST, MASSAKER WILL PUKE!
BANG!

AND WITH THWACK TO BACK ME UP, IT'LL BE BANG! LIGHTS OUT FOR THEM!
BILLY, DO YOU THINK THAT THE... APPLIANCE OR WHATEVER IT IS ON SPEARHEAD'S DOME CONSTITUTES ILLEGAL HEADGEAR? WILL YOU PROTEST?
BANG!

WELL, HE SAYS IT'S HIS REAL HEAD, MISTER MAYHEW... BUT IT DON'T MATTER! TONIGHT I'M GOING BALLISTIC!
BANG!
BANG!

I HOPE ALL MY FANS'LL TURN OUT FOR THE BIG SHOOT-OUT!

YES, BILLY, AND... HEYYY! LOOK WHO'S HERE--THE MALICIOUS MOUNTAIN OF MUSCLE CALLED MASSAKER... AND HIS POINTY-HEADED PARTNER, SPEARHEAD.

MASSAKER, YOU KNOW ABOUT BILLY'S BALLISTIC SPEED, YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS RICOCHET ACROBATICS...! YOUR STRATEGY TONIGHT MUST BE...

TO KILL HIM.

MASS...! HOY!

WHAT HE MEANS IS THAT WE'RE BULLETPROOF, MEGA-MOUTH! WE'LL MASSAKER-MASH BILLY THE BLANK...! WE'LL SMEAR AND SPEAR THWACK THE SLACK!

BE THERE, YOU MAYHEM MANIACS!

THAT'S IT WE'RE OUT OF TIME, FANS! SEEYA! HEYY!

VINCE, THAT MASSAKER GUY GIVES ME THE WILLIES. I THINK HE'S CERTIFIABLE... DANGEROUS. FOR REAL.

YEAH. I THINK I'LL ARRANGE FOR SOME EXTRA SECURITY.

I HOPE YOU WEREN'T SERIOUS.

YES.

INSIDE...

I'M READY, MISTER MAYHEW!

OKAY, BILLY, I'LL GIVE YOU THE BIG BUILDUP, AND THE CUE IS... "READY, AIM, FIRE!"

FOR THE RUN THROUGH, JUST... FIRE WHEN READY.

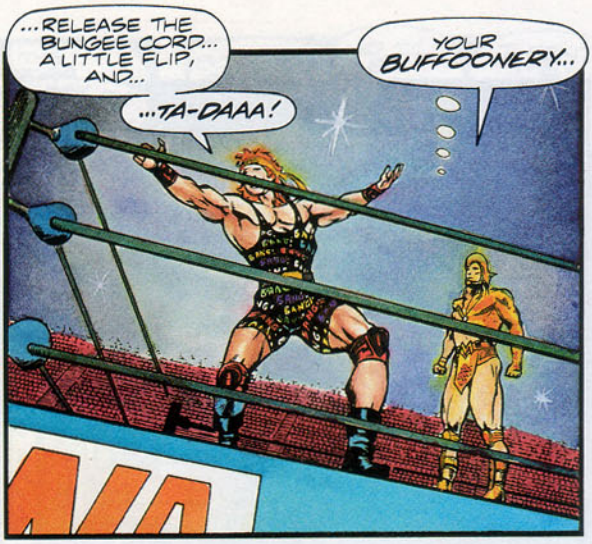
THE FANS LOVE THIS.

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME.

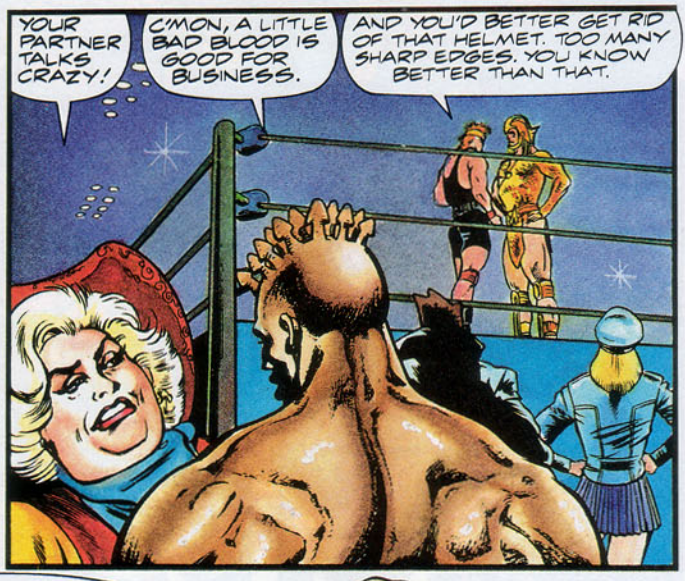
BANG!

BANG!

YAHOOO!
OVER THE BAR...

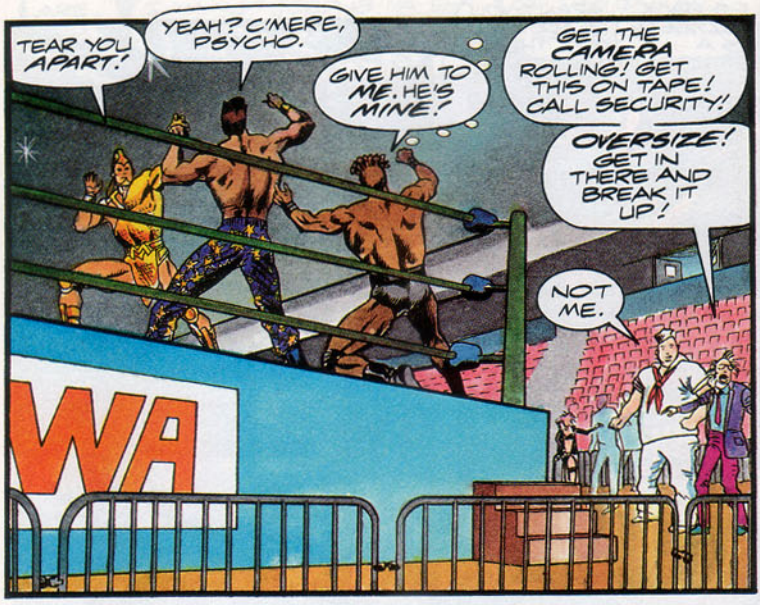

...RELEASE THE BUNGEE CORD... A LITTLE FLIP, AND...
...TA-DAAA!
YOUR BUFFOONERY...

...ENDS TONIGHT... WITH YOUR DEATH.
WHAT'S UP WITH YOU? YOUR ATTITUDE SUCKS.


YOUR PARTNER TALKS CRAZY!
C'MON, A LITTLE BAD BLOOD IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS.
AND YOU'D BETTER GET RID OF THAT HELMET. TOO MANY SHARP EDGES. YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.

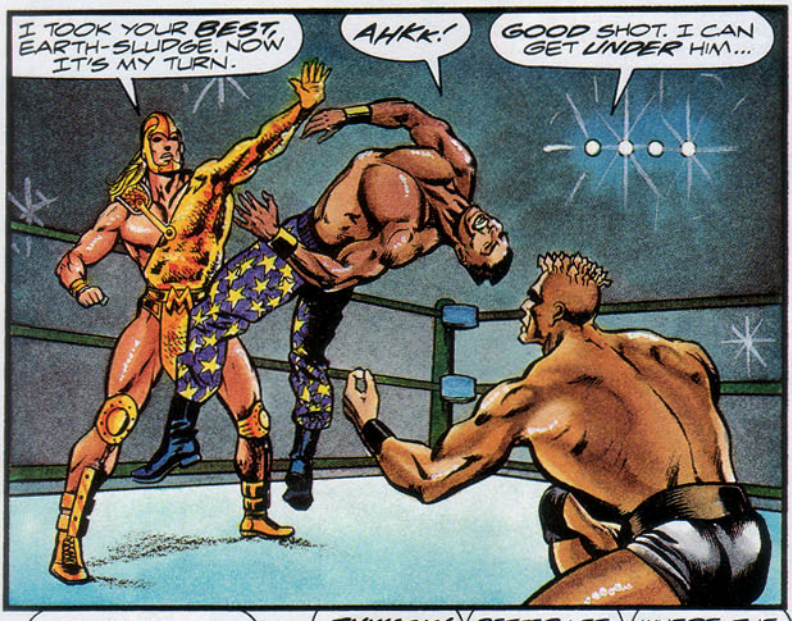
THIS HELMET IS A TROPHY. I KILLED THE ENEMY I TOOK IT FROM.
TRY TO TAKE IT FROM ME. GO AHEAD, GO FOR IT. NOW!
THIS GUY'S OUT OF CONTROL. MUST BE SOME KIND OF 'ROID RAGE OR SOMETHING. I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN TRUST HIM TO FOLLOW THE SCRIPT TONIGHT.
BANG!
BANG!!
YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU CAN'T TRUST ME. I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE. I HATE LOSING!
EASE UP, BUTTHEAD! SAVE IT FOR THE SHOW!

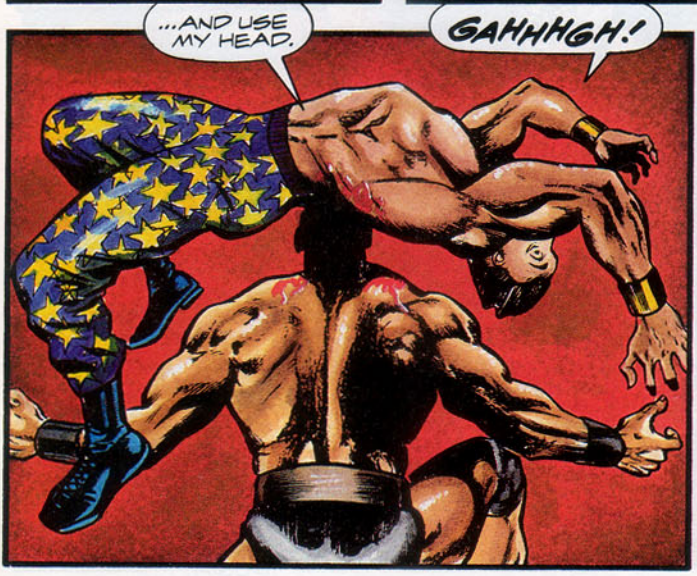
MASS, I THINK YOU GOT TOO JACKED UP BEFORE! YOU'VE GOT TO DRY OUT AND CHILL!
YOU'RE NOTHING, BUFFOON! I KILLED A REAL WARRIOR IN JERSEY TODAY.
MASS! ORG'S PHLEGM!
WHY WAIT?!
BILLY!
MO-LEE HORSE-FEATHERS!
GET LOST, THWACK.
NOBODY HURTS THE BULLET MAN.
I'M FINE!
NO, YOU'RE...
LOOK, I'M WARNING YOU...
SHOVE IT. I WAS A HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER BEFORE I GOT INTO THIS CIRCUS.
OWW!
WHEN I WAS BROKE AND BOTTOMED OUT, BILLY PICKED ME UP...GAVE ME A CHANCE.
NOBODY HURTS THE BULLET MAN.
UHF... NOT BAD. IT'LL BE FUN TWISTRIPPING YOU.
OWW... THAT DID IT.
IF WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT FOR REAL...THEN I'M POPPING THE CAPS OFF.


TEAR YOU APART!
YEAH? C'MERE, PSYCHO.
GIVE HIM TO ME. HE'S MINE!
GET THE CAMERA ROLLING! GET THIS ON TAPE! CALL SECURITY!
OVERSIZE! GET IN THERE AND BREAK IT UP!
NOT ME.
WA

BOSS, I'M GOING TO HELP THWACK!
NO. I'LL BE OKAY IN A SECOND.
I SENT THE BABES TO GET THE COPS.
BANG!

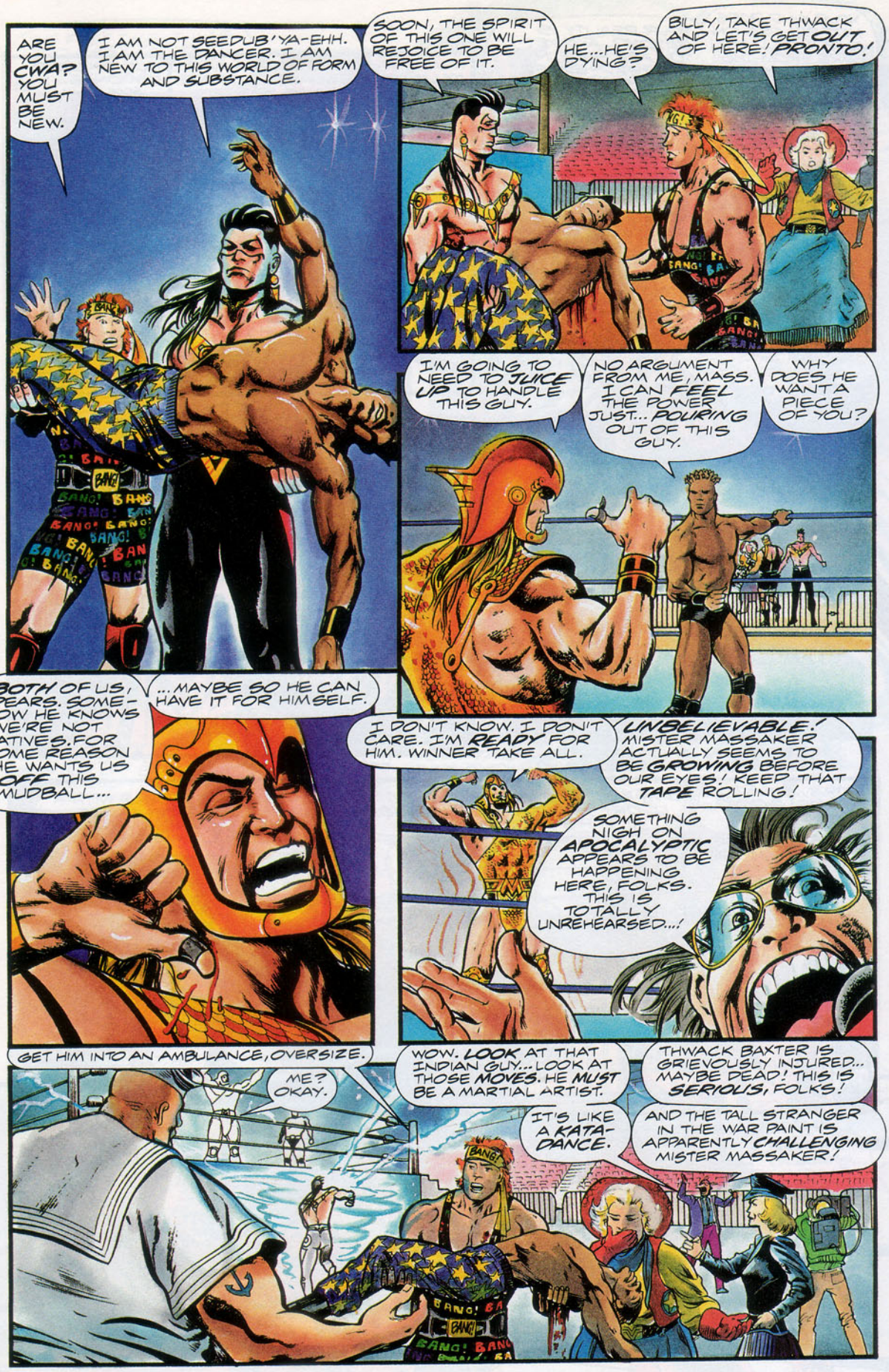
POLICE
HELP! HELP!
OOH, BABY! I GOTCHER HELP RIGHT HERE!


I TOOK YOUR BEST, EARTH-SLUDGE. NOW IT'S MY TURN.
AHK!
GOOD SHOT. I CAN GET UNDER HIM...


...AND USE MY HEAD.
GAHHHGH!

THWACK! THWACK!
BETTER LET THE POLICE HANDLE THIS, PARDNER
WHERE THE DEVIL ARE THEY?
BANG!
BANG!

THAT FELT GOOD.
COST ME AN ARM AND A LEG BACK HOME TO HAVE THESE SKULLTEETH GRAFTED ON. WHAT GOOD'S A WEAPON IF YOU NEVER GET TO USE IT?
AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU KEPT THEM WHEN WE GENE-ENGINEERED OURSELVES TO FIT IN HERE?
YEAH... BUT I THINK WE'VE PRETTY MUCH BLOWN THIS COVER.
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON... REENGINEER... START OVER SOMEWHERE.
WHOA! WHO'S... THAT?
ORG SLUDGE! I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!
IT TAKES MORE THAN RENDING OF THE FLESH TO STILL EITHER OF OUR SPIRITS, WARRIOR.
WE SHALL STRIVE UNTIL ONE OF US HAS DESTROYED THE OTHER UTTERLY.
OUR COMBAT HAS YET TO BEGIN.
HEY, WHO'S THIS GUY? HOW'S HE DO THAT LIGHT? WHERE'S THAT WIND COMING FROM?
HYSMAN, DO SOMETHING!
NOT ME.
CAREFUL, SPEARS! HE'S THE ONE I FOUGHT IN THE SWAMP OVER IN JERSEY.
I BLEW UP THE WHOLE UNDER-GROUND BASE TRYING TO KILL HIM. WE BOTH SURVIVED THAT, BUT...
SO HE'S TOUGH.
TOUGH? I RIPPED HIS ARM OFF AND BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH IT... AND HE'S BACK. THAT'S TOUGH!


ARE YOU CWA? YOU MUST BE NEW.
I AM NOT SEEDUB'YA-EHH. I AM THE DANCER. I AM NEW TO THIS WORLD OF FORM AND SUBSTANCE.
SOON, THE SPIRIT OF THIS ONE WILL REJOICE TO BE FREE OF IT.
HE...HE'S DYING?
BILLY, TAKE THWACK AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! PRONTO!
I'M GOING TO NEED TO JUICE UP TO HANDLE THIS GUY.
NO ARGUMENT FROM ME, MASS. I CAN FEEL THE POWER JUST... POURING OUT OF THIS GUY.
WHY DOES HE WANT A PIECE OF YOU?
BOTH OF US, SPEARS. SOMEHOW HE KNOWS WE'RE NOT NATIVES. FOR SOME REASON HE WANTS US OFF THIS MUDBALL...
...MAYBE SO HE CAN HAVE IT FOR HIMSELF.
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. I'M READY FOR HIM. WINNER TAKE ALL.
UNBELIEVABLE! MISTER MASSAKER ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BE GROWING BEFORE OUR EYES! KEEP THAT TAPE ROLLING!
SOMETHING NIGH ON APOCALYPTIC APPEARS TO BE HAPPENING HERE, FOLKS. THIS IS TOTALLY UNREHEARSED...!
GET HIM INTO AN AMBULANCE, OVERSIZE.
ME? OKAY.
WOW. LOOK AT THAT INDIAN GUY... LOOK AT THOSE MOVES. HE MUST BE A MARTIAL ARTIST.
IT'S LIKE A KATA-DANCE.
THWACK BAXTER IS GRIEVOUSLY INJURED.. MAYBE DEAD! THIS IS SERIOUS, FOLKS!
AND THE TALL STRANGER IN THE WAR PAINT IS APPARENTLY CHALLENGING MISTER MASSAKER!

YOUR KIND DOES NOT BELONG ON THIS WORLD. YOU ARE FROM THE PLACE OF DREAMS.
YOUR REALITY IS BEYOND...AND YET YOU ARE HERE, IN THE HARD-EDGED WORLD OF DREAMERS, CLOTHED IN FLESH.
YOU MUST BE UNDONE.
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
I THINK HE'S MAD BECAUSE I STOLE HIS HAT.
BUT I KILLED HIM ONCE...I'LL KILL HIM AGAIN!
SPEAR HEAD
WHAT DO WE DO?
GET VENUS AND EVERYBODY OUT OF HERE. I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE.
BANG!
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU, BOSS.
GET GOING. AND TAKE MISTER MAYHEW WITH YOU.
I'M NOT MISSING THIS BOUT! LOOK! THE INDIAN'S THROUGH WITH HIS WAR DANCE...!
HE'S GOING IN! WHAT A LEAP!
BANG!
UH... STICK YOURSELF WITH A COUPLE MORE OF THOSE JUICE-THORNS, MASS. I'LL HOLD HIM OFF.
FIRST WE WILL FINISH OUR DUEL.
COME ON, SLUDGE!
YII!

THE FIRST TIME, I WAS TOO ***EASY*** ON YOU, I SHOULD HAVE TORN YOUR ***HEAD*** OFF!

THE FIRST TIME, YOU STRUCK FROM BEHIND, AFTER I HAD ALLOWED MY ENERGY TO COME TO REST.

THIS TIME I AM READY.

ULK!

LET US SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT FACE TO FACE.

HWH!

SLOW! EVEN BY THE PALE STANDARDS OF THIS THREE-DIMENSIONAL ENVIRONMENT!

THWACK'S PRETTY BUSTED UP! BOY, I'M GLAD IT'S NOT ME!

CAREFUL WITH HIM!

'BOUT ***TIME*** YOU SECURITY GUYS SHOWED! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME BACK-UP. IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A FEW RENT-A-COPS!

DON'T WORRY, MISS... LADY BLACKHAWK OR WHATEVER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE.

...AND, ***HEYYY***, THE BIG GUY IS ***DOWN!*** THE INDIAN LANDED A CHOPPING UPPERCUT SO FAST, IT WAS A ***BLUR!***

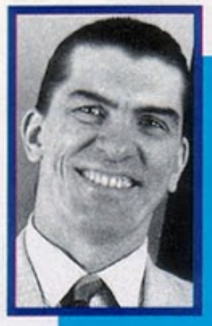
AND, ***THERE***, AT LAST, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE COME THE SECURITY FORCES TO END THIS CARNAGE!

BUT, HEY, THE DANCING INDIAN LOOKS ***ANGRY*** AND... AND HE'S GESTURING TOWARD THE GUARDS...

HOW DOES HE MAKE THAT ***LIGHT...?*** THAT ***WIND?***

THIS...THIS IS MOST DISMAYING! THE SECURITY FORCE IS FALLING BACK!
NO, IT'S LIKE THEY'RE BEING PUSHED BACK BY THE LIGHT, THE WIND, I... I DON'T KNOW!
IT'S STARTING TO FEEL LIKE A HURRICANE IN HERE.
THERE'S ELECTRICITY...OR... POWER I CAN'T DESCRIBE CRACKLING IN THE AIR!
UH-OH! SPEARHEAD'S ON HIS FEET! THE INDIAN DOESN'T SEE HIM!
LOOK OUT!
BANG!
AHT!
RRH! GOT A PIECE OF HIM, BUT...
BOUGHT ME TIME.
JUICE UP, MORE.
GET BIG BIG.
I'LL GET HIM ON THE REBOUND.
NO!
FUHH!

THE GOOD GUYS
TM
DEFIANT



Jim Shooter
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Jack Kirby died last week.

I worked with him at Marvel for several years, and got to know him a little. He was a professional and a genuinely nice man. He was also the King of our craft, one of the greatest creative forces of the twentieth century. His work will ever inspire, awe, and amaze us, and ever bring fondly to mind the genius and the gentleman.

I'd like to correct a major oversight. Two of the artists who did spectacular work on *THE DARK DOMINION* Zero Issue trading card set inadvertently were left out of the credits—inkers Keith Wilson and Grey. Sorry, guys.

A lot of people have been asking me if I'm leaving DEFIANT to go to Image. Rumors are everywhere, especially since Extreme Studios ran an ad in the trades that said: "Rob Liefeld/Jim Shooter/Youngblood '94."

Well, here's what's really going on....

Rob Liefeld is the only original Image creator who I didn't know from my Marvel days. The others all worked for Marvel when I was Editor-in-Chief there, but Rob started working at Marvel shortly after I left. I met him for the first time at Wonder-Con in April 1993 in an elevator. A few months later, when we were both doing an appearance at a retail store in Anaheim, where Extreme Studios is located, we had breakfast together. I asked Rob if he'd mind "guest-starring" in *THE GOOD GUYS #1*. He agreed, and then he told me that I was one of his favorite writers and asked if I'd do a story with him someday. Sure.

After *THE GOOD GUYS #1* came out, Rob called me to tell me how much he'd enjoyed it. He also asked if I'd write a storyline for *Youngblood* and offered to do some work for DEFIANT in return—sort of a cross-over of creators as opposed to characters.

I'm pretty busy. So's Rob. But there's something about the idea that appealed to me instantly. I said yes, and agreed to work out details later. Rob asked if I'd mind if he started promoting the event. No problem, said I. Hence, the rumor-starting trade ad.

A long time ago, I worked with George Pérez on the *Avengers* at Marvel, and I think we were a pretty good combination. The power in George's art brought out my best. Power is, of course, the essence of Rob Liefeld's work—thundering, crackling, *extreme* power. *Nobody* does it better.

This is going to be fun.

Watch for announcements.

Defiantly,

Jim Shooter
FYM

BILLY BALLISTIC HAS LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY LIKE A BALLISTIC MISSILE, KNOCKING SPEARHEAD OUT OF THE RING!
MISTER MASSAKER SEEMS TO BE IN A ZONE OF RAGE! HE'S STALKING TOWARDS THE WOUNDED WARRIOR...!
BILLY'S ON THE TOP ROPE... AND...
HE'S GOING BALLISTIC!
HOY!
FIRST, THIS COMES OFF!
LIAHH!
UMF!
IS THIS YOURS?
YAHHH!
YES. MY THANKS.
WHY DID YOU COME TO MY AID?
TWO AGAINST ONE IS NO FAIR. AND THEY HURT THWACK.
HEY... YOU LOOK BETTER. YOUR WOUNDS ARE GONE.
I HAVE INCREASED MY VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY.
BANG
OH. WELL... LET'S GET 'EM!

NO. IT IS MINE TO DESTROY THEM. YOU WOULD BE WISE TO FLEE.

NOT ME!

SPEARHEAD'S MINE, OKAY?

BANG!

LOOK ALIVE, MASS! HE'S WINDING UP AGAIN.

MASS? ORG'S BILE...! YOU'RE MONSTROUS!

NA

YOU'RE SCARIN' ME, MASS. HOW MANY OF THOSE INJECTOR-THORNS DID YOU TAKE?

I AM LIKE A GOD. I AM LIKE HIM. CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE RADIATING FROM ME?

MM... MANY. A LOT. ALL BUT TWO. TWO LEFT.

IT'S BEYOND PHYSICAL, NOW. MORE THAN MEAT, SPEARS. POWER...OF THE MIND. UNLIMITED.

MAN, MASSAKER'S LOOKING WEIRD, HUH?

OH, GEEZ.

BANG!

COME HERE, LITTLE MAN.

HOY! STUFF JUST BLOWS OUT OF YOUR WAY! YOU DON'T EVEN TOUCH IT!

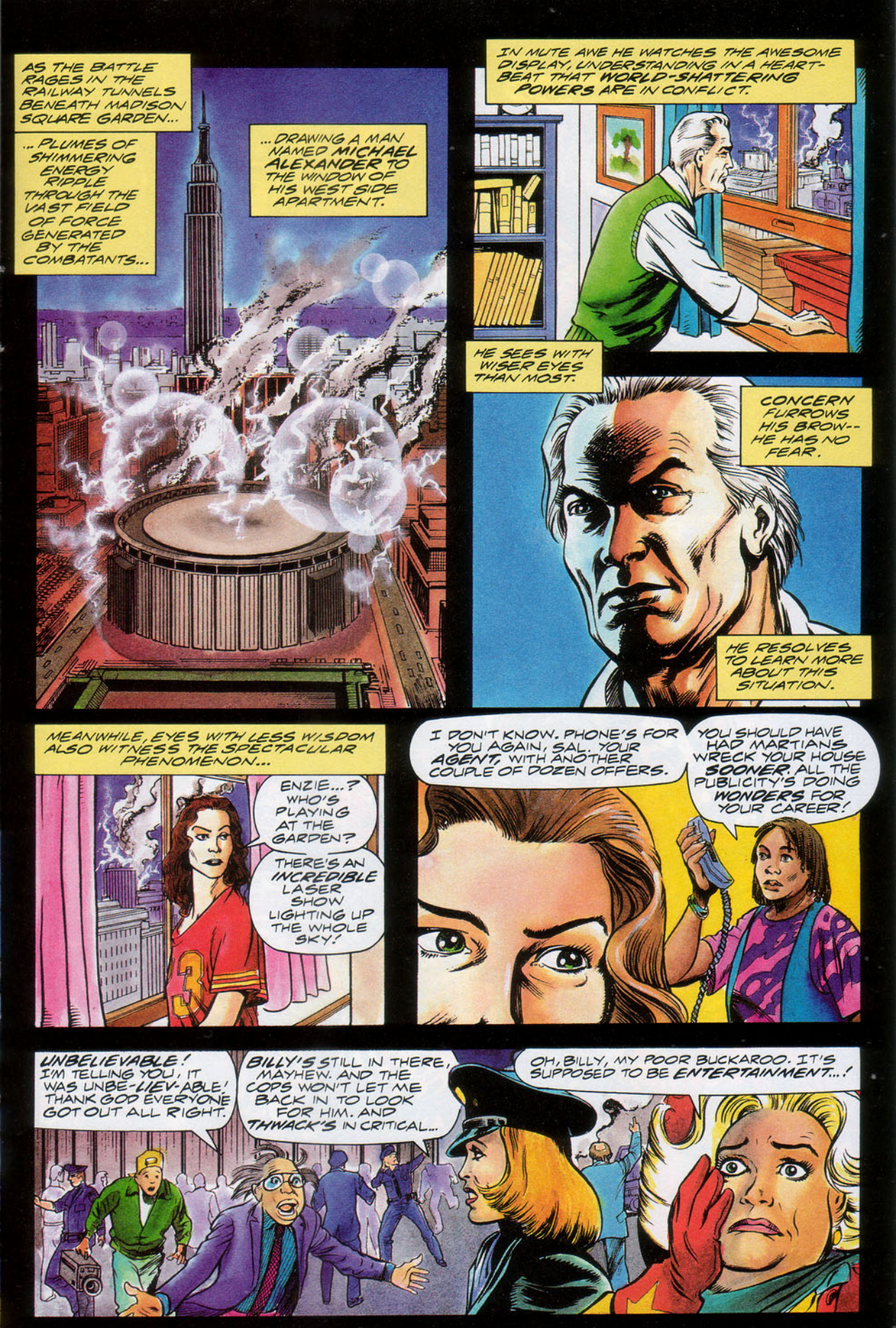
TURN AROUND, SPEARHEAD! I'M NOT LIKE YOU! I DON'T STAB PEOPLE IN THE BACK!

THIS IS... TOO MUCH! TOO MUCH FOR ME, FOLKS. THE CAMERAMAN AND I ARE CLEARING OUT BEFORE WE'RE BLOWN AWAY, OR WORSE.

CNA

COME ON, MITCH!

HOLY!
HE SPINS AROUND IN MID-AIR... NEVER TOUCHES MASSAKER... BUT...
...KICKS HIM THROUGH THE FLOOR.
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE TRAIN TRACKS BELOW.
SHEE-OOOT!
LORD... IT'S A WONDER THAT THE GARDEN'S STILL STANDING.
NOW WHAT?
CLIMB DOWN AFTER THEM?
GEEZ... I DON'T KNOW...
I'M COMING, INDIAN.
YES, I DO.
YOUR BEST SHOT DIDN'T HURT ME, LITTLE MAN! I CAN'T LOSE! I LOVE IT! I LOVE THIS POWER!
THAT IS WHY YOUR EXISTENCE ON THIS PLANE MUST END, DREAM.


AS THE BATTLE RAGES IN THE RAILWAY TUNNELS BENEATH MADISON SQUARE GARDEN...
...PLUMES OF SHIMMERING ENERGY RIPPLE THROUGH THE VAST FIELD OF FORCE GENERATED BY THE COMBATANTS...
...DRAWING A MAN NAMED MICHAEL ALEXANDER TO THE WINDOW OF HIS WEST SIDE APARTMENT.
IN MUTE AWE HE WATCHES THE AWESOME DISPLAY, UNDERSTANDING IN A HEART-BEAT THAT WORLD-SHATTERING POWERS ARE IN CONFLICT.
HE SEES WITH WISER EYES THAN MOST.
CONCERN FURROWS HIS BROW--HE HAS NO FEAR.
HE RESOLVES TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS SITUATION.
MEANWHILE, EYES WITH LESS WISDOM ALSO WITNESS THE SPECTACULAR PHENOMENON...
ENZIE...? WHO'S PLAYING AT THE GARDEN?
THERE'S AN INCREDIBLE LASER SHOW LIGHTING UP THE WHOLE SKY!
I DON'T KNOW. PHONE'S FOR YOU AGAIN, SAL. YOUR AGENT, WITH ANOTHER COUPLE OF DOZEN OFFERS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD MARTIANS WRECK YOUR HOUSE SOONER. ALL THE PUBLICITY'S DOING WONDERS FOR YOUR CAREER!
UNBELIEVABLE! I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS UNBE-LIEV-ABLE! THANK GOD EVERYONE GOT OUT ALL RIGHT.
BILLY'S STILL IN THERE, MAYHEW. AND THE COPS WON'T LET ME BACK IN TO LOOK FOR HIM. AND THWACK'S IN CRITICAL...
OH, BILLY, MY POOR BUCKAROO. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ENTERTAINMENT...!

ARRRGH!
UNFF!
MAN! JUST STANDING THERE, DUKING IT OUT, THEY'RE STIRRING UP A TORNADO... COMPLETE WITH... I DON'T KNOW WHAT... FIREWORKS AND LIGHTNING!
HOLD STILL!
ONE CLEAN SHOT... JUST ONE...!
HA! YOU CAN'T HURT ME, LITTLE MAN!
THE INDIAN LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTING STRONGER!
YES! OL' MONSTER-MASS FELT THAT ONE!
GOOD BLOCK... AND NO SWEAT!
HE COULD DANCE OUT OF REACH, EASY, BUT HE'S GOING TOE-TO-TOE!
IT'S LIKE... HE'S MEASURED MASSAKER... AND GOT STRONG ENOUGH TO CLOBBER HIM.
NAHHH. OR... WELL...
I GUESS IF YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR VIBRATION FREQUENCY...

WHAT A PUNCH!

HFFF! HHH... C...CAN'T LOSE... TO A LITTLE... MAN LIKE YOU.

CHOOSE HOW YOU WISH TO DIE--ON YOUR KNEES, OR AS A WARRIOR.

NO! I HATE TO LOSE!

I JUST NEED MORE JUICE!

FEEL GOOD!

I LOVE IT! FEEL INVINCIBLE... DOMINANT!

AHHH!

FOOLISH DREAM. TRUE POWER HUMBLES. YOUR EVIL GROWS FASTER THAN YOUR STRENGTH.

HUMBLE YOU, WORM... PUNISH YOU!
ORG... I'M ROCKETING OFF THE SCALE... IT'S GOING EXPONENTIAL...
ONE MORE!
HMH. YOU HAVE CHOSEN.
WHOA... LOOK AT ALL THAT MUSCLE! BETTER BACK OFF, INDIAN. HE'LL KILL YOU!
BANG!
HRRH... GOOD.. GOOD!
CROSSED A THRESHOLD. BEYOND ALL LIMITS NOW. ALL IS SO... FRAGILE... AND ONLY I AM STRONG.
OHHH... LOOK OUT, WORLD! LOOK OUT ALL WORLDS! THIS IS GOING TO BE...

GEEZ.
WOW... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
THE WEAK DREAM OF BEING AN ANGRY GOD BESTRIDING GOSSAMER WORLDS, HE WAS A DREAM COME TRUE...
...BUT HIS EVIL WAS TOO GREAT TO BE CONTAINED IN A THREE-DIMENSIONAL FORM. HIS HEART BURST.
MAN, I LOVE THE WAY YOU TALK.
WE OUGHT TO TEAM UP. WE'D BE GREAT TOGETHER.
I MEAN, AT LEAST UNTIL THWACK HEALS UP.
I DO NOT THINK YOU WANT TO AID ME. MY MISSION IS TO SAVE THE DREAMERS FROM THEIR DREAMS... AND IF I CANNOT, TO DESTROY ALL EXISTENCE.
I MAY HAVE TO KILL YOU.
OH. WELL... WHATEVER.
MAYBE YOU THINK I'M JUST A T.V. WRESTLER, BUT... HEY, I GOT YOUR HELMET BACK!
YOU ARE A WARRIOR.
YOU'RE A MESS, MASS!
BUT DON'T WORRY, BUDDY. I OUGHT TO TO BE ABLE TO ENGINEER A CLONE OUT OF THIS.
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SPEAR-HEAD?
HIS TIME WILL COME.
I MUST REST NOW. I I AM... WEARY.

NEED A HAND?
FRIEND OF YOURS?
HE IS CALLED CHARLES SMITH. HIS PURPOSE IS TO KILL ME.
OH. WELL... FAT CHANCE!
HE IS VERY BIG...
NEXT: "ARMS AND THE MAN I SING..."

DARK
DOMINION™
DEFIANT™

CHARLEMAGNE™

Joseph A. James EDITOR

9:30 AM
22 pages are due out today
15 are finished
7 aren't written
2 aren't colored
"The Xerox machine is out,"
someone announces
The Xerox machine is out?!
The clock ticks
There's a problem with page 4—
An art correction is needed
Start from scratch...
Xerox, cut, ink, paste
More news: a FedEx package
didn't make its destination
Where's its tracking number?
A phone call—specs are needed
for Charlemagne #1
Where's the memo? Get the memo!
Art correction done
But now the page is missing
Who had it last?
Another phone call
They found the package!
"Can someone please find page 4?"
A package arrives, color separation
proofs
Wait!
There's no original art!
We cannot check color proofs
without original art!
A call to the printer
"Oh...wait...we have the art. Sorry.
You'll have it by 7 PM."
OK, there go my dinner plans....

When I was 14 years old, I had a conversation with a friend of mine. We were discussing careers, what we wanted to be. We were teenagers; we had gone beyond cop, fireman, and astronaut. Now we were talking rock star, spy, or head of an architectural firm on Madison Avenue. So my friend asked me what my plans were. I said, "Comic books...I'm going to work in comic books."

I might as well have said "arms dealer" for the look he gave me.

"Comic books?" he replied. "That's no work, that's no work at all."

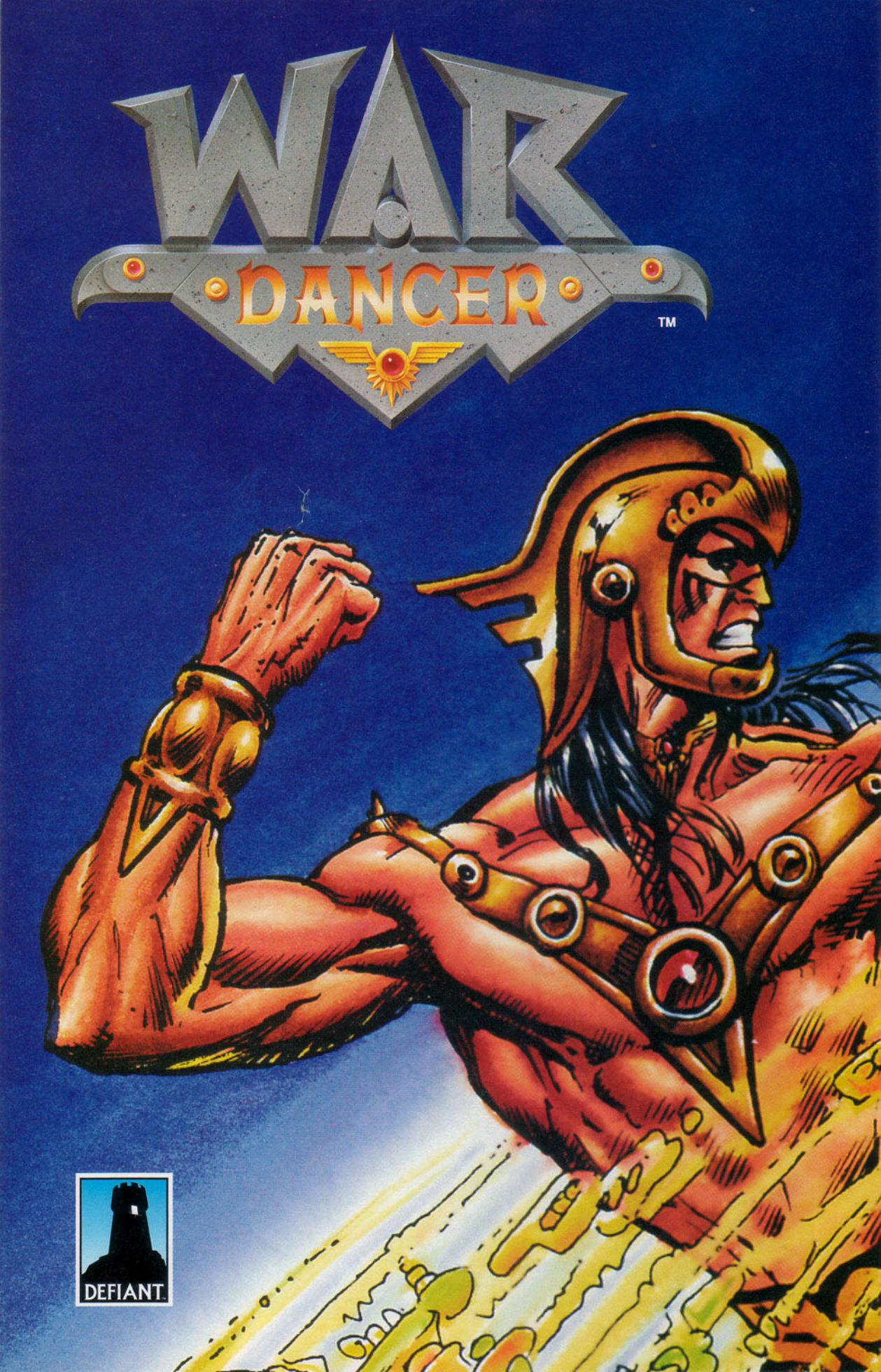
My friend supposed that comics came out of a big machine. Which they do, in a way. A printer is a very big machine. Huge. But he thought that there was little or no human effort involved. He was wrong. It's *all* human effort. From the freelancers to the editors to the financial people to the production crew to the interns to Fred the cleaning guy. It's all human effort, and it's all work.

Sometimes there are 12- to 13-hour days involved. There are days when we get to FedEx with only minutes to spare. On occasion, very long days turn into "all nighters," and those turn into mornings. Once, I remember seeing our office manager, Debbie Fix, leave for the night and come back early the next day. Upon sight of her, I knew we'd been working too long. There are days when we are all working on two or three things at once: pasteup on *DARK DOMINION*, an advertorial, a promo piece...But our crack production crew cuts through the jobs quickly and efficiently.

And all in all, things are still pretty festive. How can they not be? Our production crew specializes in smart comebacks, Beavis and Butthead imitations, and being helpful. Yes it's difficult at times, yes it's chaotic, yes it's work. But its exactly what we've wanted to do...comic books! So we here at DEFIANT hope you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoy putting them together.

"You found page 4 in ***the Kitchen****?"*
OK. I can live with that.

Joseph James


WAR
DANCER
TM
DEFIANT

letters TO THE EDITOR

DEFIANT welcomes your comments.

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Mr. Jim Shooter:
WAR DANCER #1 is the first DEFIANT publication I have sampled and have found myself very pleased with the characters and story. The artwork is very good and shows imagination. Kudos to your staff for a job well done. Consider me a loyal fan/customer from now on.

I can't begin to describe the amusement I found at seeing Willie and Happy *(a boy and his dog)* blown to shreds. I realize Issue #2 will reveal they were evil aliens in disguise, but what the heck. I hate kids. Keep up the good work, everybody!

Sincerely,
Dan Lyon
Pompton Lakes, NJ

Dear Ms. Purcell:
I don't know about anyone else, but I'm prepared to say right now that I consider *WAR DANCER* to be the best-written of the DEFIANT titles so far...and with talent like Len Wein and Jim Shooter on board for the other three, that's saying an awful lot! And yet, here, the characters just seem to leap off the page and right to full-blown life before my eyes...a testament not only to the luscious artwork, but also to the talent of the writer. That in itself surprises me somewhat, because I never really got used to thinking of Alan Weiss as a writer. To be sure, I read and enjoyed his series for Epic, *STEELGRIP STARKEY AND HIS ALL-PURPOSE POWER TOOL*, but I always figured that the *STARKEY* book was played mostly for whimsy, and consequently wasn't perhaps the best showcase for any writing ability Alan may have had. So that (and the fact that Alan has, as Jim Shooter himself admitted in a recent editorial, always picked his "spots" in comics projects very carefully) has kept him from being a creator whose name will automatically mean great things to me. Well, that's all out the window now. This first issue is one of the most impressive debut efforts I've seen in some time...and after having read comics for over 25 years, I don't impress all that easily anymore!

Mind you, there's some disturbing things about our new DEFIANT star as well. I appreciated the nods towards continuity with the other DEFIANT titles, but I'm wondering if the villains from the *WARRIORS OF PLASM* series aren't in danger of being overused inasmuch as they've also made appearances in *DARK DOMINION* and in *THE GOOD GUYS*...and neither of those books has even reached its sixth issue yet! I also find myself somewhat concerned over Ahrq's apparent murder of the little boy and his dog in this first issue. He claims the two were spies for the Org of PLASM; yet there is no real effort to provide supporting evidence for this. Did Ahrq jump to a conclusion that will subsequently prove false? Is he insane? Is he evil, only pretending to be here to save Earth? Or should I just shut up and wait for future installments to shed more light on these events?

In the meantime, count me in for the full run on this series, just as I am for all of DEFIANT's titles so far. I'm looking forward to learning more about Ahrq and to watching him interact with the denizens of DEFIANT's other books in months to come.

Later,
David Peattie
("Dances While Tongue-Tied")
Concord, CA

Dear War Dancers:
And now for someone completely different.

It would appear that

Sally's situation has brought the *War Dancer* to her. The relationship is going to be extremely interesting. A time-displaced magical warrior and an ex-celebrity after her breakdown. I may be way off-base, but Ahrq seems to be from the ancient Aztec or Inca Empire—although the little kid seems to indicate it was more in the line of Atlantis. Is Sally a reincarnation of Ahrq's beloved? Since Ahrq didn't recognize the Org's "troops," it would appear the *War Dancer* was expected to show up eventually. Sally's paintings on page 3 indicate that she has a connection to the War Dancer. After all, there's a painting of a guy dancing in swirling colors and one next to it which vaguely resembles Ahrq.

Normally, I don't mind violence—since I know the difference between reality and fantasy—but seeing Happy and Willie's entrails was beyond gross. Granted, their appearance seemed fishy and it was more than likely they were spying. They deserved to be destroyed; however, next time, could you please be a little less graphic?

The DEFIANT titles continue to surprise me. The writing and the art are great. It's good to see that the future of comics is coming from somewhere other than DC and Marvel. Thanks for bringing us something other than ordinary.

Sincerely,
Steven Leitman
Cincinnati, OH

Dear Jim Shooter and Company:
Miracles still happen overnight, it seems, seeing how *WAR DANCER* #1 lived up to my highest expectations and far, far beyond even that! Although it was somewhat strange to see that the original logo, used in several promotional pieces, has been changed into a somewhat futuristic one. Issue #1 really stood out on the shelves in the comic shops, and believe me, this book is worth every single word of praise.

I was skeptical about *WAR DANCER,* thinking it would be nothing more than a spin-off title from *WARRIORS OF PLASM.* Those negative feelings were quickly forgotten when I found out the premise of this new series was founded on Earth. Instead of throwing the main character straight at us from the beginning, you introduced a normal citizen as the main character of this issue. That's not only a courageous thing to do, it's also very unconventional, especially today. As far as I'm concerned, it worked out great. Sarah Thornton *(a.k.a. Sally Throckmorton)* is a great character, from her neurotic behavior to her lively attitude. I hope she's primed to be a supporting character in *WAR DANCER* and that Ahrq won't incinerate her as he did to Willie and his dog Happy!

The character of *WAR DANCER* looks intriguing and sparkling, full of potential. Use it wisely, and I predict you've got yourselves another winner. The combined talents of Alan Weiss and Jim Shooter almost guarantee a hit. May *WAR DANCER* dance till eternity.

Defiantly,
Olav Beemer
Zeist, The Netherlands

Dear DEFIANT—
Last week, I got my copy of *WAR DANCER* #1—beautiful. The cover was great-looking. The interior art was excellent. Judging by the *War Dancer* cards in the *WARRIORS OF PLASM* tin set, the premise is cool (a combination of Mayan and Australian Aboriginal themes, perhaps). The story was fast-paced, if a tad unsatisfying: I want to know it all—*now!*

I've been a fan of Alan Weiss's work since he did the Burroughs adaptations for DC in the early '70s, and I've often wondered why he'd seemed to drop out of the mainstream of comics. Glad to see him back, and happier still to see him with DEFIANT. As for the *Dancer,* I'd been planning to write and carp about the lack of Aiki-type characters, but with the *Dancer's* obvious connection to the "spiral nature" of the universe and his "extension *(ki?)* strikes," it seems you've read my mind. I once had an instructor who believed he could do such things with his palm chakras. He was crushed and deeply hurt when we all quit playing along by falling down for him when he made a feint gesture from across the room.

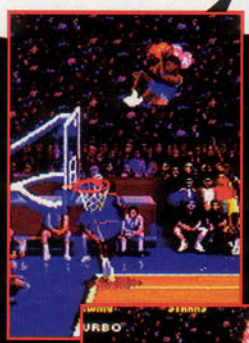
Yes, Willie and Happy *were* irritating, and as for their fate...eeyew! Were these two Plasmoids, or something more sinister? And the opening sequence made me realize roadkill-stealing truckers are not peculiar to the Pacific Northwest, but a national phenomenon.

I haven't missed any of your other titles, and they've all grown with each issue. I can't see how WAR DANCER will be any less entertaining, and you can be sure I'll continue to follow your entire line!

Také Musu,
Larry Nunn
Everett, WA

WARRIORS OF
PLASM™
DEFIANT™

THE ULTIMATE ARCADE JAM COMES HOME!



"BOOMSHAKALAKA!"

"REJECTED!"

"HE'S ON FIRE!"

"KABOOM!"

"OH MY!"

"IT'S A CANNONBALL!"

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